First Reports of the Committees-How

the Finances Are Handled. The judiciary committee reported that there was little doing in law, and what there was seemed to be all in the hands of lawyers who were engaged in establishing the inno-cence of suspected criminals. They recommended that about half of every jury be sent

to state prison along with the party convicted. The committee on the sciences had nothing new to report, but recommended such a change in the planetary system as would result in more moonlight nights. The recom-mendation was adopted, and the club will see that the change is made. At least, the presi-

The committee on harmony reported that the strained relations with Mexico had limbered up, until it was now possible for a Texan and a Greaser to meet without wanting to eat each other up. The fishery question was still an open one, but there was no talk of war with Canada.

The committee on art submitted a report condemning the nude in statuary and paintings. While they could not say that the moral effect was bad, there was no gainsaying the fact that the tendency was to ignore the clothing trade of the country.

The committee on finance reported that they had examined the accounts of the irer and janitor and found both correct, while the money claimed to be depos ited in bank had been counted and found to pan out to a cent. They had no recomm tions to make, being satisfied that everybody

We hev no confidenshul clerk employed in dis establishment," said Brother Gardner as the chairman of the committee sat down, "nor am any Sunday skule superintendent permitted to handle our funds accordin' to his own judgment. All moneys comin' in or goin out pass frew seben different hands, an' each pusson must take an' give a rereceipt. De key to de safe am made in fo led to fo' different parties. When we make a bank deposit it takes seben of us, an' de one who carries de money o his pusson am clusly watched by de odder



Making a bank deposit. If our cash account doan' tally up to a cent ebery day in de year you kin look out fur lower barometer an' high winds in de lake

egion, Sir Isaac Walgide secured the floor to suggest that, in view of the increased length of the evenings and the large attendance at the library it might be a good thing to form a debating society. He had belonged to several during the last twenty years, and believed himself to have been greatly benefit-

"We will take de matter under advisement," replied the president. "I has had some leetle experience wid debatin'societies, an' dis yere scar on de back of my bead was de result of once bein on de negative side when de quesshun at issue was, "What Could We Do Widout Wimmin!" We will decide de case later on."-Detroit Free Press.

'Tis now the season when the youth stops telling fairy tales about the baneful effects of ice cream and conjures up something that LATELY BETROTHED.

She—Isn't that papa coming! He—How provoking; I was just going to

steal a kiss. She (ingenuously) - He's awfully near sighted, Charley, awfully!

DANGER. First Tramp—Say, Mike, d' you suppose dat last cider we sucked out 'r dat bar'l was

der real stuff? Second Tramp-Why cert, pard; why not? First Tramp-Oh, nawthin', only my breath ells so much like kerosene I'm afeard to

light my pipe. UNKNOWN TO AN EDITOR Subscriber-I've always wondered how it was possible for you to come down to the office after dinner and write those elegant editorials of yours on a full stomach Country Editor-A full stomach! What's

HIS LIFE IN DANGER. A countryman with a large jug made of bargain with a Kentucktan to take him four

"How much'il you charge?" "Oh, a couple of swigs of the stuff in that jug'll make it about square. I reckon "

After the journey had been made and the Kentuckian had taken a swig, he said: "Stranger' I'm a peaceable man, but if you don't want to be chock full of lead to-night you'd better find another way to carry yes

HOW THE PHYSICIAN GAINS WEALTH. Dr. Pillsley-Let me see your tongue.

Hum! Appetite good?

Dr.-Digestion all right?

P.-O, yes Dr. - Are you troubled with sleeplessness?

Dr. -Do you ever have severe pains in the

need or back! Dr.-Don't you often feel a disinclination

P.-Well, yes.

Dr. - And a desire to lie abed late mornings

P.-Frequently. Dr.-It is as I thought. Get this prescription put up at once and take a teaspoonful every three hours in water. I'll call again

to-morrow. Good day.-Tid Bits. A Narrow Escape.

Harrison Smiler had been up before a committee of members of the African Methodist church to which he belonged, on the charge of appropriating hams from smoke houses. As there was not evidence enough to convict he was acquitted, principally on his own tes timony. After the investigation was over Harr son met the preacher who had presided, and remarked: "I say, pehson, it's mighty lucky fob me dat I got 'quitted dis mawnin' It am, such. I hope you wuz quitted hon-

as'ly, Harrison!" 'Deed I wuz, suah; but it's a pow'ful good thing dar wasn't anything said erbout becon, though."-Merchant Traveler.

Second Sight. Herr Schweigenfus-How vos dis, Meest I Cought you said you could read at sight.

New Pupil—So I can; but not at first night. - The Rambler.

A Useful Bug For the Ranch.

Robert Williamson, of Sacramento, who owns a large fruit rance near Penryn, in this county, has been introducing the two-spotted ladybug, or scale destroyer, in the orchards man, and wears heavy rimmed specta and the ladybug lives on the scale. It is said that whole orchards in San Jose valley have rious coin in two when he sees it. ever was -- Placer (Cal.) Herald.

LOADED FOR BEAR.

Farmer McCue Shoots Thirty-seven Buckshot at Once from his Trusty Gun. WALTON, Oct. 28.-Joseph McCue of Sulowns up like a man when he finds that he is wrong. The other day he was working in road from his house. There are not many neighbors in the part of Sullivan county where Mr. McCue's farm is, which is the Beaverkill country, near the Ulster county line. Mr. McCue had beard a quail whistling in his turnip patch, and had taken his shotget the quail for his supper. As the farmer worked he was finally brought with his face toward the road, and he caught a gimpse of something passing along. Farmer McCue raised himself up. As he looked toward the road his eyes opened very wide. As they

opened Mr. McCue exclaimed: was slouching deliberately along in the road, past the house. There was nothing but bird shot in Farmer McCue's gun, but he felt that he must get that bear. He seized the gun and fired both barrels at bruin. The bear stopped, soked in a deprecatory manner at the farmer, and then passed on. The farmer watched it until it disappeared in a bend of the road. Then be examined the hammers of his gun and blew into the barrels. Satisfied that the gun had gone off, he exclaimed:

"Missed him, by jee?"
Farmer McCue finished his work in the turnip field and went to the house. "If I had gone out loaded for bear," said he o his wife, "I couldn't have seen my way, the quails would have been so thick. But here I was laying for quail, and what do I flush but a bear as big as a yearling colt! If that bear bothers me to-morrow, though, I'll be sorry for him, and I'll load the old gun now. Mother, count me out thirty-seven buckshot for each barrel!" "You mean nine, Joseph," said Mrs. Mc-

"Thirty-seven, mother, for each barrel." "Nine buckshot, Joseph, is a big load for

any gun, and will kill an elephant!" "Nine buckshot won't hurt a coon, mother, and I'm after bear. Thirty-seven is what I want, but it isn't enough. Tve a notion to put in forty-seven, to make sure. No, I'll take thirty-seven; but thirty-seven min't enough." So Farmer McCue put in a double charge f powder and thirty-seven buckshot in each barrel. Mr. McCue is a good farmer, but his education as a hunter was sadly negin ted.

"Now let that bear trespass on me again, by jee!" said Farmer McCue.

The next day he went to work again in his His gun, loaded for bear, was with him. He had no ides of seeing the bear, that when in making a turn in the field b came almost face to face with it, evidently enjoying itself among the turnips, from the way it was pulling them up and munching them, the farmer was obliged to open his eyes wide again and exclaim, with more vigor than before: "By jee!"

Farmer McCoe was bound to get the bear, however, and, backing off a few feet to where his gun lay, he picked it up, took good aim at



And fired.

Mrs. McCue heard the report at the house It made the windows rattle, and reverberated among the hills like a Fourth of July salute. The farmer's wife can to the door and looked over into the turnip field. There was a thick cloud of smoke over by the stone wall, where she had last seen her husband at work "Joseph must have killed the bear," she

said seen. Mrs. McCue ran down into the field. She had not gone far before she saw the body of the bear stretched out among the turnips. Looking further, she saw Farmer McCue also stretched out among the turnips, as stiff as the lear Just then Farmer Rose and his son, neighbors, happened to be driving by.
Mrs. McCue hailed them. They carried Mr. McCue into the house. One side of his face was as black as his hat, and swollen three times its natural size. His right shoulder was dislocated, and his arm was black and blue from he shoulder to the elbow. It was good while before he could be brought to. Then he opened his left eve, and, looking at his wife, said, firmly, but feebly

"Mother, thirty seven's enough! There was a hole through the bear, amidthips, big enough to run a stovepipe in. Farmer McCue, a little set in his opi e is, but willing to own up like a man when he finds he is wrong, is doing as well as could be expected.-New York Sun.

Wits of Ancient Days.

Sir Nicholas Bacon being once, in the capacity of judge, about to pass the sentence of death upon a culprit, the fellow importuned him to save his life, alleging, other things, that he had the honor of being a relation of his lordship. "How do you prove that!" said Sir Nicholas. "My lord," replied the man, "your name is Bacon and mi Hog, and Hog and Bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin." "That is true." answer ed the judge, "but hog is never bacon till it is hong, and therefore, until you are bung,

can be no relative of mine. George I, while on a journey to Hanover. stopped at a village inn in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready ordered two or three eggs to be brought to him, for which the host charged him 200 florins. "How is this?" said the king; "eggs must be very scarce at this place to bring 100 florins apiece." "Pardon me, your majesty," said the host; 'eggs are plenty enough, but kings are

and ordered the bill to be paid. Lord Norbury, the Irish judge, was once dining at a table, and corned beef forming one of the dishes he was asked if he wo nave a slice. "I would try it" be said, "if it were hung." Curran, who was present, re-plied: "If you were to try it, judge, it would e sure to be bung."-New York Mail and

It is utterly useless to try and sell a para-chute to a man who is falling down stairs And yet probably this the only time in his life when he would like to buy one or when the thing would do him any earthly good .-

ambridge Chronicle.

Chief Drummond, of the United States treasury department, stationed in New York, is a broad shouldered, heavy set of his neighborhood. They are said to be a He has a wonderful jaw and can bite a very thorough and efficient remedy for the counterfeit coin in two, from a dollar to Jose scale. The scale lives on the tree a five cent piece. No matter when or where he is, he invaribally bites a spubeen entirely cleared of the pest that threat- a dime for a street car conductor not long ened their destruction by this little bug. In ago, and the latter wanted to jump on one case a twenty-acre orchard had been him. The plucky chief made the conducabandoned to the scale, the owner having despaired of a remedy. The ladybug came declared it was an outrage and told the chief that he frequently passed counter. year it had much improved, and in two telt money. When the detective calmly years every scale was annihilated, and the opened his coat and showed his badge, orchard is now as healthy and thrifty as it the self confessi shover of the queer im-

Nearly as Good as Mark Twain's Frog.

An old gentleman at Tewkesbury for many years rode a blind horse. Though sightless, the steed, which had probably been a good fencer once, had learned to jump wh livan cor ty is a little set in his opinions, but he received a hint that he was desired to do so. One day, after a run with the hounds, some hunting men were talking in the bar of his turnip patch, which is right across the a hotel about big jumps, and the owner of the blind horse stoutly maintained that that animal would frimp over a single obstacle which none of their hun ters would leap. He was ready to back his words with money. and as the result of the conversation be mad gun with him, thinking that maybe he might soon the four sportsmen repented of risking their money so rashly. The owner of th blind horse put down a straw in the street and this constituted the "obstacle." He rode up to it, and the blind steed, responding t bis call "rose at the rasper." clearing it with a bound four feet in the air, and covering twelve feet of ground at least. None of the "By jee" other four horses would rise at a straw, and What the farmer saw was a bear, and it the owner of the blind horse was £30 richer. -Court Journal.

> An Old Phrase Illustrated A POWER BEHIND THE THROWN

> > Burdette.

A RECKLESS WASTE OF RAW MATERIAL. A Maryland paper chronicles the sad fate of a Mr. Bunting, who was run over by a train and had "two of his legs cut off." Mr. Bunting isn't more economical with his legs, first thing he knows he'll have to go

-The Judge.

It is true, my son, there is always room at the top, but nobody wants it when he goes to a hotel. And the great trouble with the strawberry box is that there is so little room at the bottom.—The best sculler often stands at the foot of the class. - Never buy a thermometer because it is low .-- The Romans call a day dies, just to kill time, probshly.—The hens in the barnyard and belles in the ballroom have their own set.--The woman whose head is by flattery would feel flatter if she heard what is said when her back is turned. --- Women do not swear, but the profunest man in America would give \$5 if he could imitate the expression of a good woman when she hits her thumb with a hammer and says, "Mercy on me!"-A man dreamed that his mother-in-law was dead and laughed aloud in his sleep. The next morning she came to his house with three trunks, a vapor bath, a foot must and two pugs. e does not dare to go to sleep, and if he should fall into a doze from exhaustion he shricks with fright and awakes. He is afraid he will have another dream. - It pleases Dr. Mary Walker if you say that you mister while

MANAGEMENT OF BERVANTS. It doesn't lie in some people to get along with servants. They have no tact, no knack of managing. There is a great deal in managing a servant in such a way that the minion isn't aware of it. But some people don't know how to do this, and consequently a servant that is a jewel in my well regulated household is utterly useless in my neighbor's Now, not long ago I had occasion to part with a colored man. I didn't want to cast him out upon the cold world, because I feared that if the world got too cold he would come back to me. So I unloaded him upon a neighbor. I never had a ripple of trouble with him. I had employed him ostensibly to groom a horse occasionally and mow the lawn once or twice a rear. I soon learned that he was running an African dormitory and a poker layout in my stable, and the general appearance of my premises finally brought me letters from the American Missionary union, asking permis-sion to establish one of their Congo out stations between my barn and the kitchen. This, as much as anything else, induced me to part with Albert. He shipped with me under the nom de plume of Albert Wilson, but I noticed that some of the natives called him "Lame Jake," and he requested me, in writing his letter of recommendation, to call him Thompson Ensley. By and by my neighbor said to me: "That man, Sam Norton, you sent to me-did you ever have any trouble with himf" I said no, never. "Well," said my neighbor, "I can't get along with him. He won't do one thing I ask him, not a thing. Oh, well," I said, "he tried that on me, too, when he first came, but I settled that in short order." "How did you manage?" asked my neighbor. "Well," I told him, "I quit telling him to do anything." And do you know my neighbor was real angry with me, and abused me, and said I was a fool and deceived him. You see, he had no tact. That very night Albert landed on my coast again. He confided to me that his real name wa_ James Sinclair, and he brought with him his prother, whom he introduced as Walter Taylor. They took up their old quarters in he barn and boarded with me for a week before I was able to secure them places in the county work house. They both left me with sincere regret, and Albert said, in parting, that any time I wanted him to come back, a letter addressed to Charles Martin would reach him. Albert was a saddle colored pagan, but he was the richest man in names I ever worked for .- Robert J. Burdette.

Badinage of the Ministers. There was a meeting of the preachers of

Lynchburg, Va., and when it was breaking ap Dr. John Hannon could not find his hat. Furning to the Rev. R. R. Acree, he said: One of your Baptists has my hat.

"Then," said Brother Acree, "your hat has ore brains in it than ever before." A few days after that Dr. Hannon was ing by Brother Acree's yard gate, and when urged to come in, he said:

"I am on my way to preach."
"You can't preach," replied Brother Acree. "So I felt for a long time," replied Dr. Han-ion; "but since hearing you the other day I have changed my mind."—Richmond Reigious Herald

He Must Have Been an Umpire. During a thunder storm recently in a town ip in New York state a man hurrying to a shelter was knocked senseless by a flash of ightning. He was taken into a hotel, and fter be had been labored with for some time recovered. Struggling to his feet he gazed rpon the anxious faces surrounding him, and emarked with an air of severity: "Gentlenon, if order has been restored, we will pro-

eed with the game."-Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Medical Record discusses the question 'How to sleep?' and gives a long, scientific ormula for inducing sleep. What's the mat-er with going to church -Burdette.

Harvard is more venerable than a number of German universities which are famous. The University of Halle was founded in 1694, that of Breslau in 1702, of Gottingen in 1737, Berlin in 1810 and Bonn in 1818, all being younger than Harvard, which was founded in 1636. The oldest of the German speaking universities is that of Prague, which founded in 1348; the next is that of Vienna, founded in 1865, and Heidelberg, old fo founded in 1886, is the third and is the oldest university in the G. man empire. -Kansas City Times.

There would not be so many long serons if men were obliged to practice what they preach .- New Orleans Pica-

TO A CHILD. The stars' untarnished gold gicams in the meshes

of thy hair The heavenly bue of April's bine lives in thy wonwhich kiss to crimson the pale clouds that

It was given him. flish the skys.

Have pressed thy own and lingered lightly on thy

(Wall "soil the salvent many reflectively and the waiter flipping the table with his napkin. cheeks so fair; No wave of passion on thy heart hath sobbed in "gimme some ox tail some."
"Gimme the same," said the dog.

sensuous sighs, Nor hath ambition brought to thy smooth brow

one touch of care.
The gods, with gifts supernal and supreme, have dowered thee.
Youth, purity and beauty thins—a priceless leg-

-Daniel E. O'Sullivan, in Southern Bivounc.

Queer Wrinkles. BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Old Mr. Bently (reading the paper)—I see that Solomon has been indicted for bigamy. Old Mrs. Bently-Well, it's bout time. The idea of a man having 700 wives. HOME, SWEET ROME.

Lady dooking at Harlem flat)-The rooms seem very small. Janitor (frankly)-Yessum, de rooms am small fo' a fac' Lady-I don't see bow my husband, baby and I could ever go to bed in that room. Janitor-Yo' might do as the other lady an' gemmen did what occerpied de rooms befo'. Lady—How was that? Janitor-Dey went ter bed tandem.

WBONGFULLY ACCUSED.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—Have you ever seen arrested before Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus-Yes, sah. Magistrate-How many times! Uncle Rastus—Well, 'bout fo'ty, I giss, but, yo' honah, one of dem times I wuzzent convicted. Dey proved me as inner-

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY. "Well, Sister Sus'n Jane, I cert'n'y am repicedid dat yo' ain't got de tarryfied fever; but ef vo' has tes' got common malary, why, queenan's de ting fur dat. It tastes bad, but le wuss a medersin tastes de mo' good it doos

ALTOGETHER COMMENDABLE Mrs. Saldo, a Boston lady (to her niece, visiting from Chicago -I am glad to know, Cicely, dear, that you are interested in litera-

Cicely—Yes, we have recently formed a club, you know. One member subscribes for Harner's another for The Century, another for The Popular Science Monthly, and so on, and then we all go snacks.

IN THE PAMILY. Magistrate-You are old enough to know better than to drink whisky, Uncle Rastus. Uncle Rastus—I kain't help it, yo' honah. I Uncle Rastus—I kain't help it, yo noman inheritid a tas' fo' it. Magistrate—Inherited a taste for it! Uncle Rastus—Yas sah. Dat the United States.

Dressmakers might find it profitable to longer the profitable of the United States.

Facetie.

A WICKED LITTLE BOY. Bobby—Ma, you don't want me to play with wicked boys, do you! Mother—No, in-deed, Bobby. Bobby—Well, if one little boy kicks another little boy, isn't it wicked for him to kick him back? Mother-Yes, Bobby, wicked. Bobby-Then I don't play with Tommy White any more. He's too wicked. I kicked him this morning, and he kicked me back.

A QUESTION OF FINISH. Miss Higgs-And what course would you vish your daughter to pursue—the dead lan guages and the severer studies, or French nd deportment? Mrs. Veneer (whose husband has just retired from the furniture line with a fortune)—Oh, no: I can't abide the dead finish; give her the French polish, even if it costs a little more.

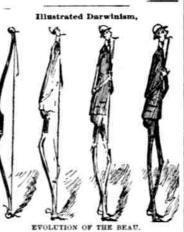
SUCCESSFUL ALL AROUND.

'Most everybody has his pet phrase, which he is apt to use upon all occasions. Mr. Hayseed's "met with some success." are you getting on with your stock raising?" he was asked recently. "Well," he ruplied "I've met with some success in raisin' calves "How is your oldest boy doing at school?" "Well, he's meetin' with some success as a scholar." "He ought to, for he's been well brought up. Your wife is a splendid woman, Mr. Hayseed." "Well, yes, the old lady has er-met with some success as a female.

COMPAGE TO THE BESCUE Visitor-How old are you, Willie! Willie-Six years old. Visitor—And when were you 6? Willie—I don't know. Visitor—Oh, Willie! a great big boy like you, and not know when you were 6 years old! Willie's Little Sister-I know when he was 6 years Visitor-There, Willie; your old. sister knows. When was it, Sadie? Little Sister-On his birthday.

A DOG'S UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE "Yes," said Mr. Hendricks to the minister,
"I am proud of that dog. Why, he knows
the different days of the week." Just then the dog began to run to a gun which stood in the corner, then back to his master, and wag his tail. "He's made a mistake this time, pa," said young Bobby; "he thinks it's Sun-day."

WHY THEY ENVIED ADAM AND EVE He was one of those men who are always and forever harping on how differently his mother used to do things. Apropos of the irritating subject, at dinner one day she said, with a sigh: "My dear, you've no idea how I envy Eve!" "And why, pray! "Because, my dear, she never ones heard Adam say, with exasperating frigidity, 'These pies lack the flavor of those my mother baked.' "And I know some married men who must envy Adam, for he didn't even know what a mother-in-law was."-Harper's Bazar.



Jottings from Life. The outcome of the Geronimo matter will probably be the hanging of Gen. Miles and the reduction to the ranks of the Apache

ANXIOUS ABOUT HIS PARENT. Call boy (to old gentleman in green room) Mile. De rerchong desires me to assure you that she will be down as soon as she recovers from her fatigue and changes her clothes. Old gentleman-Here, hold on; I say, there isn't anything serious the matter with mother,

"Well, I never," remarked Dumley, as he tried to bite through a muslin the other morning at breakfast.

"What is the matter?" inquired the land-"This bread is awful," angrily replied Dum-

iey.
"Well, it's better bred than you are," was the freezing response.

The silence that came over the breakfast table was so deep that it punched a hole in A MATHEMATICAL EDUCATION. Scene-Young man and friend in a comfortable room,

fellow; you ought to be satisfied with Repentant bachelor-Yes, I'm satisfied now with my quarters. They are good enough. What I want is a better bulf .- Life.

It is said that coffee has been success fully grafted on the mesquite tree in Ari

A Wonderful Dog. A solemn man in a western city recently

YOUNG FOLKS COLUMN.

entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself and collect for a bill of fare. THE DOCTOR'S STORY, AND A VERY GREAT CENTRAL TRUNK GOOD ONE IT WAS. "What would you like to have, sir!" asked

"Well," said the soleum man, reflectively. An "Awful" Little Girl-Come, Read Me This Kiddle-Autumn Leaves- You've "Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk," went on

the old doctor said to the young people the

sther evening. One day—a long, but day it

et all had been, too-I met my father on the road to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said, hesi-

wash and dress for singing school.

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. If I did re-fuse he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me

heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. Profane men should travel to Mecklenburg-Hot-headed individuals should migrate to

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, Thank you, my son. cate in the Basque provinces.-H. J. Shell-You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.' "I burried into town and back again.

Brevities.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold

The waiter shuddered, and, turning, fled

A man with a sonint at an adjoining table

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

that dog to talk, mister."

og cried again:

He never did.

triloquist.—Buffalo Express.

Cooks should settle in Greece.

Fresh young men in Greenland. Prize fighters in Wrangleland.

speak again.

Schwerin.

man in The Judge.

"It was," said the solemn man

"I should think so," said the dog.

to part with him, but you can have him."

Where They Should Dwell.

Angry men should go to Ireland, Waiters should find comfort in China.

The enterprising man should be a Russian.

Scolding women should go among the Tar-

Wicked people should stop on the road to

Quakers would feel at home in the Friendly

Hotel keepers should settle in the Food-ye

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog

boiled yeal.

A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew weary of his con-versation, and whispered in an audible key: "Don't he bring his amon with him, mamma!
--San Francisco Call.

A farmer sent \$1 for a lightning potato bug killer, which he saw advertised in a paper, and received by return mail two blocks of wood, with directions printed on as follows: "Take this block, which is No. 1, in the right hand, place the bug on No. 2, and press them together. Remove the bug, and proceed as before."—Hudson (N. Y.) Register. Piton, late private in the marines, who has

recently returned from Tonquin with a wooden leg, called the other day on his friend Guibellard, who exclaimed with his wonted fervor: "Brave warriers, thanks to you France has now one foot in the remote eastyou are," replied Piton, "'twas I who left it there."—Vie Parisienne.

marriage law if the uniform is pretty and there is a man in it.—Pittsburgh Dispatch. A coal stove is a cast iron paradox. It wont burn unless you put it up, and then it went burn unless you shake it down.-Dans ville Breeze.

The girls will be pleased with a uniform

down on the bustle, but it still holds its own, and is bigger than ever.-New Orleans Picavune. Now that the oleomargarine has been shelved we propose to start a crusade against

Fashion has many times decided to sit

It is very mortifying for a young man to sk for a girl's hand and receive her father's foot. - Lowell Citizen. After all it may turn out that the only

oleomilkerine.—San Francisco Alta.

nest butter is the goat,-New Age. "Brown as a berry" is an alliterative chest-

Dispatch. Some men are born hogs, some achieve hoggishness, and some never learn to chew tobacco at all. - Dansville Breeze.

When a couple are about to elope the young man asks: "Does your mother know your route!"-Cincinnati Commercial Ga

cheat a lawyer!" First cheat the lawyer, will answer the conundrum. Providence Telegraph. "It is a cold day when there are no Indians on the warpath," says an exchange. True, they always surrender in the fall.—Omaha

Archibald Forbes has met nine different kings and queens, but when he walks up to a peanut stand with his nickel he gets no bet-ter measure than those of us who have simply gazed on the coat tail buttons of a United

States senator.—Detroit Free Press. Gen. Guitar is running for congress in Missouri, and Fiddler Taylor is after the governor's chair in Tennessee. We trust that Governor Drum will step forward, if he wants anything, and let us have concert of action.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

There is said to be a volcano in New Zealand that slings out mud. All it needs is an editor-in-chief and an office towel to become a regulation campaign organ.—Burlington Free Press.

Our Yankee friends could not capture Charleston during the war, but they have done it now. It is a city that had to be shaken before taken.—Macon Telegraph. A naturalist has satisfied himself beyond a

doubt that the average cat travels a distance of eighty miles every night. Then it must be the other cat that sits on the back fence several hours every night, loudly complaining of the high taxes or something.-Norristown Herald A western editor in referring to an es-

teemed contemporary says: "His slanderou soul is imbued with the electric fire of hell; his black heart emits sulphurous fun his whole nature is absorbed in one homogeneous mass of hellishness." There's brilliant and varied talent for yes, showing that the true journalist is born, at made. A man might attend the Yale college school of jo nalism 250 years and not learn to write that way.-Exchange.

Inharmonious Surroundings.

Lady of the house-So, Bridget, you hink you will have to leave me, do you? Bridegt—Yis, mum. Lady of the house— What is the trouble? Is the work too aard for you? Bridget-No, mum; I kin aot complain about that. Lady of the nouse—isn't the pay satisfactory? Bridget—Yis, mum. Lady of the house—What, then, is the trouble? Bridget— Sympathetic visitor-Good quarters, these, Yer see, mum, Oime a brunette, an' the kitchen, mum, was fitted for a blonde. I'll not stay, mum, an' try my complexion, mum, day an' night .- St. Paul Globe.

> President Diaz is said to suggest by his manner and garb one of the gailant brig-ands who live chiefly in the minds of imaginative writers.



THE DOCTOR'S STORY "Now, I was a boy of 12, not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to

one of God's good angels, I think.
"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said,

He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day.

"When I came near the house, I saw

face.



"You've always been a good boy." " 'Your father,' he said, 'fell dead just as

he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.' "I'm an old man now; but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were, 'You've always been a good

boy to me."

There was once a little girl who had a way of saying "awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village which was an awful distance eye denotes language. The phrenologist must have run across a man who told some body else he lied.—Drake's Magazine.

gave awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small and her nut that should be shelved. Berries are not brown, but red.—East End Bulletin. This is especially true of black berries.—Pittaburg an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down un an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter When it didn't rain there was awful cold. awful drought, and when the awful drought was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she don't get over saying "awful" about everything I am afraid she will by and

by become an awful bore. RIDDLE.

I'm black or white. I'm brown or gray, I'm tall or flat, I'm grave or gay, As soft as wool or stiff as tin, A nest for wits to nestic in. I hold great intellects, yet oft Am bothered with the weak and soft, And sometimes crusty, hard and thick, They fill me with well burned brick. Fashion controls me, yet I wear Some aspects to make fashion stare. Though always for one place designed, I change as often as the win I'm dumb, and yet in spite of that Make more than half of every "chat: I'm mild-yet none can hate-(don't doubt me) Nor raise a fighting cock without me. The answer is something to be worn upon

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Crimson and scarlet and yellow, Emerald turning to gold, Shimmering there in the sunbeams, Shivering here in the cold; Waving farewells as the tempest Ruthlessly tears them apart, Fintering, dancing and rustling As hither and thither they dart; Recklessly sailing the rapids, Lazily swimming the pools,

Flaying "I spy " with each other Under the puffy toadstools. Wreaths for the wails of her dwelling

Each neat little housekeeper weaves,
And there, amid delicate fern sprays,
Nestle the bright autumn leaves.

E. L. Benedict in Harper's Young People. A LITTLE SUN.

One afternoon, in sad, inquiet mood, I passed beside this tiny bright faced flower, And begged that he would tell me, if he could, The secret of his joy through sun and shower He hosted at me with open eyes, and said: "I know the sun is somewhere shining clear, And when I cannot see him overhead

I try to be a little sun right ber -Willis Boyd Allen. Ralph Walde Emerson's Grandfather.

An anecdote has been preserved of Mr. Haskins, Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather, which is worth relating for the glimpse it affords of his home life. One day while the family were at dinner, the distillery, which was separated by only a thirty foot passage way from the was discovered to be on fire. The large group of children started at once and eagerly from their places, but were instantly checked by their father, who, rapping upon the table to command atten-tion, reverently but briefly returned wont: "The Lord be praised for this and all his mercies." Then after a short pause, he added the pause, he added the fellowes and the Argonant Ol. Fellowes and the Argonant Ol. Fellowes and the fellowes are the fellowes and the fellowes are the fellowes and the fellowes and the fellowes are the fellowes and the fellowes are the fellowes and the fellowes are the

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This Riddle—Autumn Leaves—"You've Always Been a Good Boy to Me, Jim."

"I have a little story to tell you, children," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. One day—a long, hot day is had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

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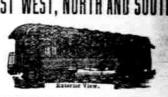
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A phrenologist says that fulness under the school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave awful lessons out of awful books. Every must have run across a man who told some body else he lied.—Drake's Magazine.

In the phrenologist gave awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked awayful section and soldows:

awful amount of food, so that she looked awayful soldows awful she was so awful amount of food, so that she looked awayful section and soldows:

awful amount of food, so that she looked awayful soldows awful she was so awful sh

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crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his